

Lawrence Democrat.

"CRY ALOUD AND SPARE NOT."

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HAVING "COMPANY."

The letter read: "My dearest Sue, Next Thursday I will spend with you; I won't enjoy my visit, though, if I am not with you."

"O, I'm so glad!" cried Mrs. White, "For company is such a delight. But, looking round her in dismay, 'I must get ready right away.'"

Armed with a dust-pan and a broom she went to work in every room; she oiled and polished, cleaned and rubbed. And mended, scoured, washed and scrubbed.

Then in the kitchen she began, while perspiration down her ran, At pies and puddings, cakes and bread, As if an army must be fed.

She toiled and fretted, cooked and baked, She hurried, worried, stewed and fumed, When Thursday came, she, nearly dead, Just managed to crawl out of bed.

And Mrs. Company came too; They kissed and hugged like women do, And then began to tattle. While To make excuses, never tattle.

"O, dear! my house" (then waken clear) "Is most too dirty to be seen—"

"So shut your eyes and your listening stent— Take off your things—I'm just worn out."

"You must excuse my cooking, too, It isn't fit to offer you."

"(Twas fit for kings)—"Too bad you come Just when I'm upside down at home."

And thus she welcomed and distressed And spoiled the visit of her guest, Who wished she hadn't come to be A tired woman's company."

—H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.

LORD JOHN'S BARGAIN.

How a Collector of Old China Was Badly Duped.

My brother-in-law, Lord John St. Pierre, regarded with no little complacency his own possessions and achievements. He was proud, in the first place, of the fact that he was a St. Pierre, and at the same time considered himself a competent representative of the talents and graces of the ancient and illustrious house of Stoneyhurst. In the next place he was very proud of his reputation as one of the best shots at driven game in the United Kingdom, and of his consequent entree into many country houses where only brilliant shots were welcomed. He was also proud, very proud, of his own perfect manners, and planned himself, without out cause, on his insinuating address. It was on his reputation, however, as a successful collector of china that he principally piqued himself, and the trifling sums which he had paid for various articles of vertu which ornamented his rooms at the Albany formed his favorite theme of conversation. Indeed, if all he said was true, and if all the china was really genuine, he fully deserved all the congratulations which he claimed.

Nor did he fail to see how valuable were the three first-mentioned qualifications in their reference to this latter pursuit. Many a cottager who would have refused to sell his precious little heirlooms to the traveling dealer was only too proud to part with them at perhaps a lower price to Lord John—Lord John, too, who spoke so prettily and made himself so agreeable. It was grand to think that some little figure or cup and saucer which had stood unnoticed in a cupboard should take its place, as the seller fondly imagined would be the case, among the princely gems of Stoneyhurst Abbey.

John's presence, too, at so many sporting places gave him opportunities of admission into the interiors of cottagers' and keepers' houses which might not otherwise have been obtained. It is not given to every one to be a district visitor, tax collector or school-attendance officer, and without such or similar professions it is not easy to gain an introduction uninvited to the houses of the poor. Lord John, however, had special privileges, and he lost no opportunity of availing himself of the facilities offered by shooting-luncheons in farm-houses or keepers' lodges on the different properties over which he shot.

A few winters ago my brother-in-law came to shoot at my home, Pen Owen Court, in Monmouthshire. Knowing, as I did, how unfavorably the bags even on my best days compare with the slaughter to which John was accustomed, I had had some hesitation in inviting him into such an out-of-the-way part of the world.

He had heard, however, of the wonderful stand at Eastfield Coppel, said to be perhaps the most difficult and sporting in England, and was anxious to try his hand at our "Rocketers." I had no possible objection, and he was invited for three days' shooting.

A sad and mysterious calamity, however, in connection with the death of one of the beaters, happened on the first day, and the unhappy incident prevented us from carrying out the week's programme.

Guests who have no resources to occupy them, when sport fails, are naturally difficult to entertain, and consequently I was not altogether sorry when my visitors, with the exception of Lord John, decided upon taking their departure on the morning which succeeded the catastrophe.

He, however, remained, and in the course of the afternoon announced his intention of going up to the keeper's house, where we had lunched on the previous day, and, of course, I offered to walk there with him. Rather to my surprise, he seemed to have no particular desire for my society, and I began to wonder if his projected visit had any connection with the mysterious affair to which I have alluded. At any rate, I determined to accompany him, and on the way I was made a confidant of his lordship's intentions. On the previous day he had noticed two china figures on the keeper's chimney-piece, and, though he was an old sportsman, he had not noticed them before. He had noticed them on the morning which succeeded the catastrophe.

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were under my own sanction. However, I determined to bide my time and see what happened.

John annoyed me very much at the first opening of negotiations. He began by asking Mrs. Rawlins, whose husband was not at home, questions about the family of the dead beater, with expressions of the most profound sympathy for his orphaned daughter. Of course there was no harm in these inquiries; indeed, they were quite natural. But the questioner's manner was so affected, and his expressions of regret and sympathy so exaggerated, that I could scarcely believe their sincerity, and felt sure that he was thinking more of the Dresden figures than of poor Nelly.

The next proceeding consisted of a glance round the room in affected admiration of various ornaments with which it was decorated. Some misshapen stuffed birds, some lavender prints, even some hideous compositions of shells and moss, came in by turns for their share of admiration. And then, at last, with a look at the two figures on the mantel-piece:

"Oh! by the by, Mrs. Rawlins," (John always managed to get his victims names correctly), "what are those china groups? Have you had them long?"

"That china, my lord, was a present from my grandmother, and I set great store by it."

"(I easily follow my brother-in-law's calculation. 'Mrs. Rawlins' grandmother! The things must be a hundred years old, at least!')

"Have you any fancy to part with them?" he continued, "I don't suppose they are worth much, but I should like a little remembrance of Monmouthshire, and of our pleasant lunch here yesterday."

"Oh, my lord, if it wasn't for Rawlins, I should be glad to give them to your lordship, or [with a glance at me] any gentleman staying at the court."

(I wonder what his lordship would have said if I had not been present.)

"Oh, no, Mrs. Rawlins, I can't think of taking them for nothing."

"Well, my lord, I doubt if my grandmother, if she'd ha' been alive, would have liked the idea of my selling her presents."

Lord John's countenance fell. "Certainly," added Mrs. Rawlins, "she wasn't too proud to sell her own. Why she got ten guineas for two figures not half so gay as these, from a traveling peddler—was just like a black woman with a head on like an elephant, and the other a woman, too, but she and her children were feeding a swan."

(Lord John's face expressed—"I was right; they are old Dresden! The woman with an elephant's head! The group which represents Africa! The woman and children feeding a swan! Ledas and attendant cupids! and these are two of the companion groups. Worth fifteen guineas each any day at Christie's.")

"Then in that case," he went on, "I shall be glad to give you five pounds sterling for the pair."

"Well, my lord, I should not like to take your lordship's money without asking the peddler—and he is in the village again—if these are real genuine. He got, I heard, twenty guineas for what he took from grandmother. She was housekeeper, sir, [to me], as you have heard tell, at the Duke of Bedford's." (I had heard this circumstance mentioned once or twice before, and was acquainted with the reputation of the Bedford collection of China.)

Lord John turned quite pale. "Oh, my good woman," he cried, "I'll give you ten pounds sterling and take my chance," and he immediately handed Mrs. Rawlins the money which he had ready for such an emergency and which she promptly pocketed.

"Shall I dust them first, my lord?" she asked, producing as she did so a heavy dust towel.

"For Heaven's sake, woman, no." (Now the bargain was struck, there was no need of further civility. "I'll take them with me just as they are. George, you must mind carrying one, will you?")

I did mind carrying one very much. I disliked the whole transaction. John had certainly paid a considerable sum of money, but even with my imperfect acquaintance with such matters, I knew that if these groups were genuine, they were worth fifty thirty guineas the pair. I had my suspicions, however, about them, and on our way home I asked my companion how he could feel so absolutely certain about their genuineness. "There is no Dresden mark," he said.

"Oh! isn't there?" was the reply. "Don't you see there is a smear of cement on the bottom of them? That was probably put there at the time there was a heat of furnace-civility. 'I'll take them with me just as they are. George, you must mind carrying one, will you?')"

I held my tongue. Our house party, as I have said, had broken up, but several of the neighbors were coming to dine, and Lord John deferred the removal of the cement till after dinner, when we should be all together in the drawing-room, and he would have an audience sufficiently large and appreciative.

The proper moment arrived—a pen-knife was produced, and the plaster carefully and ceremoniously scraped off. But instead of the crossed swords appeared the following inscription:

A PRESENT FROM NEWPORT, 1883.

The year previous to the bargain! When these groups might have been worth eighteen pence each. In their present condition they would have been dear at a shilling the pair.

I confess that I felt little sympathy with the purchaser, but I was distressed to think that Mrs. Rawlins, whose character for honesty had been irreproachable, should have seemed to vouch for the antiquity of the china and also have hidden the tell-tale inscription.

Her answer was simple. The ornaments had been given her as a birthday present by her grandmother, who had died only a few weeks before the bargain, at the age of ninety-eight, and the cement had been added with the object of making them stand steadily on the mantel-piece.

But there was a twinkle in Mrs. Rawlins' eye when she offered me this explanation, and even now I hardly know how far innocent was her share in Lord John's bargain. —Belgravia.

DOMESTIC SEAL CULTURE.

A Scheme to Reap Fur Seals in the Great Fresh Water Lakes.

"The time is not far distant," said John Farrent yesterday, "when a new industry will be inaugurated in this country, and that is the raising of seals. A seal is not alone valuable as a fur-producing animal, but it will yield from eight to twelve gallons of oil. The seal has great confidence in man. It may be readily tamed, and is a very docile animal. It exhibits much affection for its keeper, and is more intelligent than the dog."

"You look as if you doubted the practicability of such an enterprise," he remarked to the reporter. "Well, you will remember a few years ago some men in California determined to do the ostrich business. People all over the United States thought they were missionaries, but nevertheless they expended a good deal of money in sending them to Africa for ostriches and bringing them to California. Several of them died while being transported, but there were a sufficient number of them left to give the industry a fair trial. Even at the birds began to lay eggs people in California said the projectors of the enterprise had thrown their money away. But incubation went on satisfactorily, and the young ostriches came out in a healthy condition; and it was not long until all admitted that it was a success. More ostriches were brought from Africa, and the industry flourished to such a degree that the authorities in Africa issued an order preventing the taking of any more ostriches out of the country. There are plenty of these birds in California now, as large and fine as the best specimens found in Africa."

"The seal industry promises as good results as ostrich-raising. They may be successfully farmed in any of the Western lakes. They would do well in Lake Erie. The small islands and rocky promontories in the lake would be just the places for them to come out and bask in the sun. They are very fond of getting out on a rock and warming themselves in the sun."

"The difficulty in the way of securing the full benefit of the increase of seals after they had been placed in the lake would be that, as they are a migratory animal, many of them would make their way to Canadian waters, and this fact would make it unprofitable for those who would go into the enterprise. But there are many good-sized lakes in Michigan which would be very suitable for the introducing of seals and their rapid increase. Rocky promontories might be made about the center of any one of these lakes as basking places, and the industry would flourish from the start. They would soon learn to go regularly to a given place for their food. It would be an immensely profitable enterprise."

"Some people have an idea that a seal will not thrive excepting in a very cold climate. This is a mistake. They will thrive in any fresh-water lake. In the Pacific ocean, off the coast of California, there is a prominence, and there are many seals there. They are protected by law. It must be remembered that it is warm there."

"During the winter months a cheap house for protection could be built on the edge of the lake, to which the seals could come for air, as they must have. Then, houses would be necessary while the lake was frozen over. A seal can stay under water from fifteen to twenty minutes, when it must come to the surface for air."

"Please remember what I tell you—that within the next few years the seal industry will be inaugurated in Michigan, and it will come to stay, and make big money for the men who invest in it; and you need not live many years to see Toledo ladies wearing sealskin sacks from seals raised in Michigan lakes."—Toledo Blade.

OLDEST WOMAN LIVING.

Her Age Is 136 and She Has Over Four Thousand Descendants.

Living in Chatham County, Tenn., is Elizabeth Potter, colored, aged 136 years. She is not only noted for her old age, but also for the number of her descendants, she being the mother, grandmother, great-grandmother and great-great-grandmother of 4,339 persons. Of children she had twenty-seven, the last one dying June 9, 1889, at the advanced age of 94, near Thibodeaux, La. Rasmus Williams, her eldest son, attained the great age of 106 years. Rasmus died at Tarboro, N. C., two years ago.

Her descendants have been engaged in various callings. The men are employed in work ranging from wood-chopping to practicing law, the women from that of meal slaves to elevated positions in leading institutions of education. Years ago she was bereft of her mind, and little is known of her early history except her birth, which occurred near the Nuse river.

"Aunt Lizzie" was married three times, but had no children by her last husband. Mrs. Lucy Potter, an aged lady of Robertson County, whose husband was Lizzie's last owner, has an old memorandum book containing an account of her purchase. The entry is as follows:

"April 4, 1824. Bought woman from J. Burton, named Lizzie; stooped; aged 70 years; price, \$800. Paid for with three mules."

"Aunt Lizzie" resides with the Rev. Mrs. Stoddard, a granddaughter, and is provided with every thing to conduce to her comfort and happiness. Her sight and hearing have succumbed, but her voice is unbroken, maintaining the remarkable strength it did twenty-five years ago.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

—There are to-day royal and imperial orders in the world, with a prodigious assortment of collars, crosses, stars and other fancy insignia, laid up for the tickling of human ambition. The oldest is St. Andrew's order, first instituted in England in 787, disused afterward and re-established in 1824.

—The white sage of California has been long and favorably known as a honey plant of rare virtue, giving some of the lightest colored honey in the world; but, like our basswood, its area is getting to be limited. It is fast disappearing before the cattle, sheep and plow.

—A Thomaston, Ga., negro tried to take out a warrant for another sable brother for "conjuring" his mule, and was much disappointed when told that no such offense was recognized.

PASTRY FOR SUMMER.

Fresh Fruit Pies Suitable for Luncheon or Dinner.

Rich pies, such as cocoanut, lemon, chocolate or cream, are not suitable for warm weather, and the various early fruits will now be found excellent and appetizing for delicate pies.

Rhubarb Pie.—Line deep pie pans with plain crust, mix half a teaspoon of sugar and a spoonful of flour; sprinkle over the crust; then add the rhubarb cut fine, sprinkle thick with sugar. Set in a slow oven and bake one hour, or stew the pie-plant in a little thin sirup before putting in the pastry.

Green Apple Pie.—Stew well-grown green apples, mash and strain. To every pint of the apples add half a teaspoon of sugar, a teaspoonful of butter and the beaten whites of two eggs, flavor with lemon or nutmeg; line pie pans with puff paste, fill with the apples, bake very quickly; cover the top with meringue and set in the oven one minute to brown slightly.

Cherry Pie.—Seed early tart cherries and scald them in their own juice, sweeten and put in deep pie pans lined with crust; cover with puff paste, and bake in a very hot oven.

Gooseberry Pie.—Pick green gooseberries over, put in a porcelain kettle, add a pound of sugar to every pound of the fruit, stew until it begins to jelly; bake puff paste in pie pans, spread the gooseberries over, sprinkle with sugar and serve.

Green Currant Pie.—Wash and pick over green currants, sweeten and put in a deep dish, pour a little boiling water over, line pie pans with rich crust, pour in the currants, dredge with flour, cover with a top of puff paste, and bake in a very hot oven. Green currant pies may be made like green gooseberries.

Strawberry Pie.—Line pie pans with crust, take three cups of the berries and sweeten with a cup of sugar, put in the pans, cover with a top crust and bake. Raspberry and blackberry pies may be made the same way.

Strawberry Tarts.—Make rich, light puff paste, roll thin, cut small, bake, fill with strawberries stewed low in sirup, and cover the top with whipped cream.

Raspberry, currant or gooseberry tarts may be made in the same way, and will all be found dainty dessert for luncheon or summer dinners.—Mrs. A. R. Parker, in Louisville Courier-Journal.

NICETY IN DRESS.

Elegance, Not Showiness, Is Commendable in a Lady's Toilet.

Nicety in dress may not always be accompanied by goodness in the wearer, yet it is apt to be so construed. The betrothed wife of an estimable young man was recently visiting his mother. The members of both families were delighted. The chap's mother was dazzled by the beauty, the breeding and elegance of her prospective daughter-in-law. Strange to say, however, on the day after the young girl had begun her visit the mother called her son to her and spoke gravely to him about his promised bride. "Harry," said she, "Alice invited me into her room to-day, and, oh, my boy, she doesn't dress like a lady at all. I'm afraid, Harry, I really am."

Harry smothered his indignation and begged his mother to explain herself. "Well, you see," said the latter, "instead of nice white linen, all her underwear is black silk. Every item of it is of that material, and when I spoke of it she showed me trunks full of clothes in every tint of silk imaginable, and no linen at all. This was bad enough, Harry, but her garters had jeweled clasps on them. Oh, my son, you never knew of a girl of real refinement to get herself up in that style. I feel certain that some thing that we do not know about Alice's disposition will come out sooner or later."

In great rage at his mother's imputation, Harry left the house. When he returned he did not recur to the subject, and his mother refrained from broaching it again, though her whole manner indicated her fears concerning her son's fiancée. A week later, however, the girl eloped with an adventurer.

"I should always," says Harry's mother, "doubt a young lady who could not take pride in fine linen, and I am positive that no modest girl ever wore a jeweled garter. Such a thing could not be the gift of her father or mother, and she would certainly not buy it herself."

And I fancy it is a fact that really exquisite girls avoid elaborate fads in underwear, and that elegance, not showiness, is commendable in a fashionable dresser.—Boston Herald.

A Barrel of Spruce Gum.

The Bennington (Vt.) Reformer relates that a citizen of that place, desirous of making some slight return for courtesies received from a wealthy uncle during a visit to Boston, sent him word that he was about to dispatch a barrel of spruce gum for his use. What to do with a barrel of spruce gum was a puzzling conundrum for the Boston merchant, but finally he concluded to sell it. Starting out he made a tour of places where he thought he could dispose of it, but to his dismay found that no one was ready to buy more than a few pounds. A barrel of spruce gum was an unheard-of quantity. He managed to dispose of a quarter of a barrel in small lots in advance of the barrel's arrival, after spending a day in the effort. He was contemplating another day of despairing exertion when the postman walked into his office with a package containing a barrel two inches in diameter and four inches high. That was the barrel of spruce gum. Tableau.

At a Boarding House.

Scientific Boarder.—There are no nerves of taste in the roof of the mouth. If we wish to get the full taste of bread and sirup, for instance, we must put it in the mouth with the sweet side down.

Practical Boarder.—Ah! I suppose that is why we all eat this bread and butter with the buttered side up.—N. Y. Weekly.

—A Thomaston, Ga., negro tried to take out a warrant for another sable brother for "conjuring" his mule, and was much disappointed when told that no such offense was recognized.

ABNER WAS INSURED.

Consequently He Was Able to Make a Thousand Dollars Without an Effort.

Abner Singleton was constantly annoyed with accident insurance agents. He spent much of his time on the road, and the agents assured him that unless he had himself insured, he should, ere long, be laid up with a broken leg, without any revenue coming in. Singleton had just returned from a trip to the northwest and was sitting in his office, when an agent, the most persistent of the lot, came in.

"Ah," said the agent, "I see that you have gotten back safe this time."

"Yes, I always get back safe."

"Ah, and that's what Dan Butterfield always said, and so he did until the other day, and then the train ran off the track and broke one of his legs. He came within one of insuring with me, just before he started, but, remembering that he always did get back all right, he held out against my entreaty and best interests of his family, and now look at him. Lying up and not able to pay his board."

Singleton studied for a moment, and then said: "What advantages do you offer?"

"Well, now, I'll tell you: Take out one of our policies, and in case you have a leg broken, for instance, you get one thousand dollars. Two legs broken, two thousand. See? Wait a moment. If you are killed your family will receive five thousand. Hold on again. If you lose one eye, there you have one thousand dollars, and as much again if you lose both eyes."

"That's fair enough," Singleton answered, almost converted.

"Nothing could be fairer. Suppose I write you up."

"All right, I am with you."

He was "written up," and the conquering agent, happy in his achievement, took his departure. Singleton went out on the road the next day, and shortly afterward the insurance company received information that in a railway accident he had lost an eye. Several days later he returned, and, sure enough, one of his eyes was gone. He shook the agent by the hand, and said: "Old fellow, you did me a great turn. I am now almost incapacitated, and the chances are that I shall lose my job with the company, as the firm is rather inclined to have a prejudice against one-eyed men."

Singleton received his money and went home, and when he had counted it time and again, he took a glass of water (?) from the bureau and put in his eye.

"Rather an easy way to make money," he mused, as he adjusted the sightless ball, "and I wonder that I did not think of it before. I will now go and have myself insured in another company."—Arkansas Traveler.

AN UNFINISHED FORAY.

Three Embryo Adventurers Close Their Career Under Sad Circumstances.

Tommy Janders (reading)—"Creeping noiselessly to the door of the wigwag, the boy scout looked in. The four Indians were sleeping soundly. Drawing his six-shooter, the intrepid youth took aim at the nearest savage. (To be continued in our next.) That settles it, fellows; we'll never know the rest of it, 'cause by the time the next number's out we'll probably be in Montanar somewhere."

Eddy Adkins—Well, we can do those things ourselves, then, 'stead of reading about 'em.

Willie Wabbles—I wish 'twasn't so far; ain't they any Indians any nearer Montanar?

Tommy Janders—I'm glad o' one thing—there'll be plenty of snow on the ground when we get there; makes it a good deal easier to track 'em.

Eddy Adkins—I wonder how much those broad-brimmed hats cost; we'll each have to buy one of 'em, the first thing.

Tommy Janders—Mebby we can borrow three of 'em; we've only got a dollar, 'n' a quarter between us, you know, and Willie ain't got a cent.

Willie Wabbles—It is always a-cold as this wh-when you're camping out?

Tommy Janders (ignoring the question)—I'm always going to aim to hit 'em right under the left ear; that's where Notch-Handle Nick always aimed. They jump right up, give a death-yell, and keel over.

Willie Wabbles—It look's if it was going to be an awful d-d-dark night, don't it?

Tommy Janders—What's the matter with you, anyhow? Here we're giving you a chance to go out on the plains with us, an' be a regular scout an' have adventures, an' you're commencing to back out already!

Eddy Adkins—Lots o' fellows'd be glad to be in his boots; we oughter left him home!

Willie Wabbles—I w-w-wish I w-w-was h-h-ho-o-o-m-e now-w-w—Woo-woo-boc-o-o-h-o-o-o!

Wayfarer (down the road, to three Inquiring Strangers)—Ya-as, I seen three boys settin' long side the fence back there, behind them boards. They looked like they was tryin' to camp out; guess they must be the ones you're lookin' for.

Mr. Janders (testing a bamboo cane, carelessly)—Thanks!

Mr. Adkins (taking a leather strap from his pocket)—Much obliged!

Mr. Wabbles (tucking up his right sleeve)—Good evening sir!—Puck.

TO PREVENT BURKING.

Professors of Anatomy Make a Frank Appeal to Congress.

The bill which was reported from the Senate District committee a few days ago, providing for the promotion of anatomical science and to prevent the desecration of graves in the District was accompanied by a report which incorporated a long argument signed by a large number of professors more directly interested in the subject in the District medical colleges. The bill, it will be remembered, provides for the distribution of the bodies of those persons dying in the hospitals, etc., and unclaimed by friends or relatives to the different colleges and institutions in the city in proportion to the number of students in each.

The argument from the committee of physicians, says:

"Anatomy and surgery can be learned only by the dissection of human bodies. There is no other way. If there were any other, physicians and students would be glad enough to give up dissecting and medical colleges would be glad to avoid the expense and bother of building and running dissecting rooms."

"In the District of Columbia, during the last sixty years or more (the oldest medical college is now in its sixty-eighth session), the bodies used for dissection have been surreptitiously obtained, often enough at the risk of life and limb as well as liberty. The police and judicial authorities are fully cognizant of this method—the former often visiting our dissecting rooms at their pleasure—and could, if they chose, arrest every one of us."

"But the authorities are familiar with the necessity for dissection, and they know that our methods of obtaining bodies are the same as have prevailed in other cities, all over the world, until suitable legislation rendered a legitimate provision of bodies possible."

"Not only do the medical colleges require material for dissection, but the Government of the United States actually commands that persons desirous of entering the medical corps of the United States army and the United States navy shall, as a prerequisite, therefore, 'perform surgical operations upon the cadaver.'"

"A number of letters from the heads of the various departments are given showing the requirements so far as dissection is concerned in the various medical departments of the Government."

"The business of robbing graves would no longer exist in the opinion of the committee if this bill should pass, as the colleges would not go to the expense of purchasing bodies at the high prices paid resurrectionists when they could obtain them at a less cost and in a legal manner."—Washington Star.

THE BIRD'S FUNERAL.

Barred by His Feathered Brothers Under a Maple Leaf.

In one of the papers that have found their way "Through the Letter-box," there appears this pretty story of bird life as told by some young people:

Mother stood there by her cooking window looking out on the garden. In the copper among the apple trees she saw a most unusual gathering of small wild birds, all intent on some absorbing business. "Do, children, go out and try to see what those birds are doing," she said. "My hands are in the dough, so I can not. Be very careful not to scare them, but creep in as near to them as you can. I never saw such a sight as this before." They obeyed, and were able to draw near enough to the rare visitors to see clearly what they were doing. In fact, they took not the least notice of our approach. The trees seemed full of them. Under the tree nearest to where we stood was a little mound of freshly-plucked leaves. We saw the birds take off each a leaf, and, flying down, lay it upon this mound, then fly upward singing. This was constantly, the downward rush bearing a leaf, the upward flight with singing. We were delighted and astonished at the lovely spectacle, and stood motionless with almost awe, for we suspected what was the secret of all this. When quite a large heap of leaves had been made, suddenly the whole flock of birds soared into the sky and flew away. When they had quite vanished we ventured to raise, carefully and reverently, the leaves. It was so. A little wild bird lay there dead. Tenderly we replaced the covering and hurried into the house to tell mother what we had seen. How that wood bird came there, or who told its fate to its fellows, we did not know; but we tell just what we saw and heard.—Leeds Mercury.

A Plate Falls from Heaven.

A strange story is now being circulated in India about a gold plate, with inscriptions upon it in the Tamil and Telegu languages, which is said to have fallen from Heaven. The Hindu Patriot gives the following version of it: A plate made of the finest gold, containing the following inscriptions, fell from Heaven and was found in the temple grounds at Benares by the person who saw it fall. The inscription is as follows: "From the month of June, 1590, God Himself will rule as Emperor of Hindoostan, incarnating Himself in human form. From that time forward there will be justice all over the world, and the munis (sages) will be worshipped by the people. All the diseases of men will be cured, dogs will walk and talk as men do, and man, whose life is now established at 70